

# Good Morning 348

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## Twelve Young Girls Waiting for 'Sea Lion'

**TWELVE** young girls are out gunning for the crew of the "Sea Lion," so you'd better watch your step, boys, if you don't hurry and write to those twelve Sea Rangers who have adopted you. They will be hoisting some very threatening signals if they don't hear from you soon.

After many deep and secret discussions on the subject, throughout which the name "Wilf Hall" (yes, that's you, Stoker Wilfred Hall) could be repeatedly heard, they have decided to let you off lightly if you write as soon as you get this message, but after that... well, we wouldn't like to prophesy.

Joking apart, they're planning all sorts of good things to brighten submarine life, and they fully appreciate the fact that you cannot always write when you would like to.

You have all twelve names and addresses, and Sheila, Barbara, Alice, Betty, Irene, and all the rest of them are very anxious to hear from you.

Grace especially is wondering why you haven't written again, Wilf, after that nice letter you sent saying how pleased the crew was to be adopted. In case you've lost the addresses, contact any of them at: "The Sea Rangers (Girls), Kirkstall Road Council School, Kirkstall Road, Leeds, Yorks.

They must still have faith, though, because knitting needles are clicking now to make warm, wearable clothes and all kinds of useful apparel needed by submariners. They are planning to send you everything you need as soon as they hear from you and can get to know just WHAT you want.

Incidentally, they heard your request on "Navy Mixture,"

and enjoyed it as much as you did.

When "Good Morning" found them, "Sea Lion" was the chief topic of conversation. Grace asked us to send her special regards to Wilf, and the girls as a whole said, "Tell them to write as soon as they can and tell us what they need. We want to make them comfortable. If they want photos of us they have only to ask."

So dig out that list of names and addresses, Wilf, and all of you boys get busy and oblige the girls who took you out of the "orphanage." On the quiet, they're all hoping to hear from a "Sailor with Navy Blue Eyes"!!

### IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

Charles Lynch was a Virginian planter who was accustomed to take into his own hands the punishment of offenders. Lynch law is still carried out in the United States, negroes being mostly the victims.

Though generally by magistrate is meant a justice of the peace, the word has a wide application. The first magistrate of a kingdom is the king, of a republic the president.

Mail coaches are usually regarded as things of a very distant past, but they did not, in fact, come into existence until 1784, when Mr. John Palmer, of Bath, put the first mail coach on the road between Bath and Bristol.

Eight Maids of Honour were in the service of Queen Victoria, and they succeeded each other in pairs with unfailing regularity. Their duties were to read the newspapers aloud to the Queen, drive out of an afternoon, and play to her in the evenings. The £300-a-year salary all went on their toilettes, for though Her Majesty encouraged simplicity in her ladies' attire, she had a curious objection to their appearing often in the same dress. The present Queen has only one Maid of Honour.

## Frank S. Stuart says, And now— Rockets Everywhere

**JET-PROPELLED** and rocket-driven experiments are not going to confine themselves to the air. Within ten years after the European war finishes you will see jet-propelled ships, jet-propelled barges, jet-propelled trains, possibly even jet-propelled cars.

Astonishing new war weapons are on the edge of completion all over the world, using jet or rocket principles. The Germans have used the first of them against day bombers, with some effect, and are trying them against our night bombers less effectually. The Russians use rocket-bombs from their Stormoviks to destroy tanks.

Russian, British and American artillerymen use rockets against German tanks. The American "bazooka" rocket and projector weighs only a few pounds, and will stop most types of Panzer. The Italian battleship "Roma" was sunk, according to recent reports, by a rocket-bomb.

Some of our A.A. weapons fire rockets with long cables attached. Both sides are using rocket-guns at Leningrad, and great devastation has been caused. The Russian six-tube "Katusha" and the German six-tube "Nebelwerfer" throw 70lb. shells about four miles, and exchange courtesies daily.

Recently the Luftwaffe tried out rocket-gliders, towed to the scene of action by aircraft, cast off, and then rocket-propelled and radio-guided, twisting after its doubling victim. According to Swiss reports, on the German side of Lake Constance enormous explosions and sustained roarings have been heard day and night, believed to be caused by rocket-shell experiments.

But all this is merely the froth of war—a trivial thing in the unending story of human progress. What I want to tell you about is the difference that

rocket and jet propulsion may make to our lives when the present war is done.

Jet power is gained by reaction pressure against the vehicle carrying the jet, similarly to the force caused by the recoil of a gun. One of its most interesting features is that it does NOT (as "experts" have hastened to tell us lately) "push against the atmosphere," and therefore it can and WILL be used in the sub-stratosphere, where the air is too thin for propeller-driven aircraft to operate. Jets will open to mankind all the enormous possibilities of the upper sky.

Owing to lessened air resistance there, which may push against the advancing aircraft with less than one-third the force exerted at low levels, enormous speeds will presently be attained. The propeller-driven aircraft must leave off at about 700 m.p.h. beyond that it would not be practicable; but that is where the jet-propelled strato-liner begins.

The post-war air-liners Britain will build will be totally different in layout from anything you know to-day. Wheels will be very small, for there is no need to lift the nose to give prop-clearance. Jets will be placed near the tails of aircraft; this and the absence of propellers and huge nose or wing motors will totally alter visibility forward, and eliminate about half the present air accidents at one sweep. There will be no blind spots for the future pilot.

Trimming tabs and various control balances will vanish. Great weight-saving will be caused by the elimination of reinforcements to carry heavy motors and propellers

and to give resistance to the wings that have had to carry them. Very great economies in fuel-space will have far-reaching effects; petrol is one of the lightest of fuels, and takes up a huge part of a modern long-range aircraft, but the jet-propelled machine using indrawn air and perhaps liquid oxygen will carry its fuel in small compass.

Flying-boats will alter completely now that it will no longer be necessary to hoist the propellers out of reach of spray.

The jet principle can easily be adapted to ships. It will necessitate hull alterations; perhaps vessels will be designed with much flatter bottoms, more in the speedboat shape. For some time, big ships are unlikely to change their propulsive power; it would be difficult to get jets working sufficiently well to drive a "Queen Mary," at least for some years; but inevitably the biggest vessels will be fitted with jet-motors eventually.

It should be remembered that the big and fast transatlantic type of liner is not likely to be built after the war, because air travel will in any case take what used to be its first-class passengers, on which it used to depend for profits.

Barges and trains are likely to be jet-propelled within ten or fifteen years. It is possible to move jet-propelled vehicles slowly; the Caproni-Campini aircraft flew from Rome to Naples some years ago at about 160 m.p.h.; there is no reason why a barge should not be fitted to travel by jet-propul-

sion at one or two miles an hour, if need be.

Where very heavy weights have to be driven, as in the case of trains, it will be difficult at first to find fuels and apparatus adequate to the work. But I have seen an assisted take-off with a light civil aircraft, when only 1lb. of fuel was used, and the experiment was most successful.

Whether cars will ever be jet-propelled depends on how it will be possible to control the force exerted rearwards of the vehicle. We do not want all the cars behind, or the houses or corners, to be blown away!

You must not think that the employment of this type of force is a totally new invention. The Chinese used war-rockets nearly 1,000 years ago. Battle-rockets were used in Europe before A.D. 1300. In 1750, General Desaguliers was making them at Woolwich Arsenal for the British Army.

War rockets weighing up to 32lbs. each were extensively used against Napoleon both by our Fleet and Army. The French invasion fleet at Boulogne was twice heavily attacked with rockets, and Flushing was burned in 1809 with the same weapons.

A British rocketeer regiment made such a fiery fusillade at the Battle of Bladensburg in the United States in 1812 that the American flank fled in disorder and British troops were able to advance and burn Washington.

Lord Wellington hated rockets and always opposed their use in the Army; but Blucher in Germany was enchanted with them and encouraged experiments. The British Mark IV rocket of 1885 was two feet long and threw 3lbs. of explosive two and a half miles; it was used in various wars against native peoples.

In 1909, Krupp's bought a Swedish rocket patent, experimented with and altered it, and from it developed the German mortar that did such execution against us in 1914 and 1915.

Man, as always, could not resist killing his kind with this new discovery that opens up such vast vistas of progress; but as soon as this war is done, we who are now alive will see advances into that land of jet-and-rocket progress that may alter the face of modern civilisation.



### A Look at the Future?

## News from Home for P.O. A. V. Taylor

**CALLING** 23-year-old Albert Vernon Taylor, of 5 Cobden Street, Radcliffe.

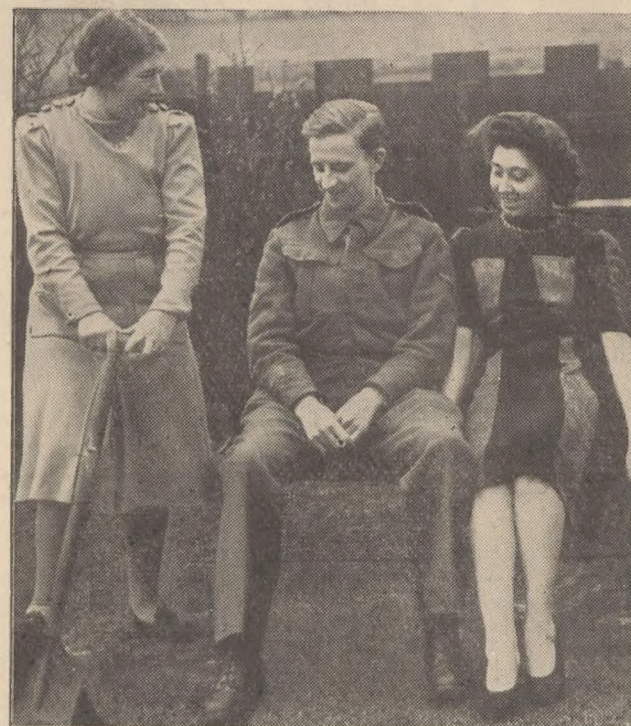
When you come home on leave, Albert, there is a nice energetic job waiting for you, and it's one of those jobs that will wait! Can you guess?—GARDENING. Do those worms need a turn over?

Violet, your 21-year-old sister, was at home with her husband when we called, and they both sent their love to you.

Violet wants to know if you can dance yet, and if you can, then she wouldn't mind betting that it was a blonde that taught you.

Your mother asked us to tell you that she has been out of hospital for some time now and that she is feeling very well. She has started to help you out with that job we told you about, and in the picture you see her with her old spade, which she tells us she has become quite attached to.

Violet has a spasm for gardening now and then, but



we are sorry to say that it doesn't last for long.

Your Father was out when we called, so Mother sent his love for him.

Dorothy Lord, you remember her—that pal of Violet's. Well, she is to be married soon.

Ernest Dearden has been busy, and is now a Petty Offi-

cer, and has transferred to Submarines.

Nan has a public-house now, called the "Pack Horse," at Shuttleworth, so should you and your pals be feeling a little dry... Incidentally, the family went to stay there for Easter.

All's well at home, Albert. Good Hunting!

## Think These Over To-day

O little town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie;  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by.  
Philip Brooks  
(1835-1893).

There's night and day,  
brother, both sweet things;  
sun, moon and stars,  
brother, all sweet things;  
there's likewise a wind on the heath,  
Life is very sweet,  
brother; who would wish to die?

George Borrow,  
"Lavengro."

Your letters are  
welcome! Write to  
"Good Morning"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1



# Little Knowing the Terrible Truth

## THE BLACK TULIP

By Alexandre Dumas—Part 11

WHILST the burghers of the Hague were tearing in pieces the bodies of John and Cornelius De Witte, and whilst William of Orange, after having made sure that his two antagonists were really dead, was galloping on the Leyden road, followed by Captain Van Deken, whom he found a little too compassionate to honour him any longer with his confidence, Craeke, the faithful servant, mounted on a good horse, and little suspecting what terrible events had taken place since his departure, proceeded along the high road, lined with trees, until he was clear of the town and the neighbouring villages.

Being once safe, he, with a view of avoiding suspicion, left his horse at a livery stable, and, quietly continuing his journey on the canal boats to Dort, soon descried that cheerful city at the foot of a hill dotted with windmills. He saw the fine red-brick houses, mortared in white lines, standing on the edge of the water, and their balconies, open towards the river, decked out with silk tapestry embroidered with gold flowers, the wonderful manufacture of India and China; and hear these brilliant stuffs, large lines set to catch the voracious eels, which are attracted towards the houses by the garbage thrown every day from the kitchens into the river.

Craeke, standing on the deck of the boat, saw, across the moving sails of the windmills, on the slope of the hill, the red and pink house which was the goal of his errand. The outlines of its roof were merging in the yellow foliage of a curtain of poplar trees, the whole habitation having for background a dark grove of gigantic elms. The mansion was situated in such a way that the sun, falling on it as

into a funnel, dried up, warmed and fertilised the mist which the verdant screen could not prevent the river-wind from carrying there every morning and evening.

Having disembarked unobserved among the usual bustle of the city, Craeke at once directed his steps towards the house which we have just described, and which—white, trim and tidy, even more cleanly scoured and more carefully waxed in the hidden corners than in the places which were exposed to view—inclosed a truly happy mortal.

This happy mortal, "rara avis," was Doctor Van Baerle, the godson of Cornelius De Witte. He had inhabited the same house ever since his childhood; for it was the house in which his father and grandfather, old-established princely merchants of the princely city of Dort, were born.

Mynheer Van Baerle, the father, had amassed, in the Indian trade, three or four hundred thousand guilders, which Mynheer Van Baerle, the son, at the death of his dear and worthy parents, found still quite new, although one set of them bore the date of coinage of 1640, and the other that of 1610,

a fact which proved that they were guilders of Van Baerle the father, and of Van Baerle the grandfather; but we will inform the reader at once that these three or four hundred thousand guilders were only the pocket-money, or a sort of purse, for Cornelius Van Baerle, the hero of this story, as his landed property in the province yielded him an income of about ten thousand guilders a year.

When the worthy citizen, the father of Cornelius, passed from time into eternity, three months after having buried his wife, who seemed to have departed first to smooth for him the path of death as she had smoothed for him the path of life, he said to his son, as he embraced him for the last time: "Eat, drink, and spend your money, if you wish to know

what life really is; for as to toiling from morn to evening on a wooden stool, or a leather chair, in a counting-house or a laboratory, that certainly is not living. Your time to die will also come; and if you are not then so fortunate as to have a son, you will let my name grow extinct, and my guilders, which no one has ever fingered but my father, myself and the coiner, will have the surprise of passing to an unknown master. And least of all imitate the example of your godfather, Cornelius De Witte, who has plunged into politics, the most ungrateful of all careers, and who will certainly come to an untimely end."

Having given utterance to this paternal advice, the worthy Mynheer Van Baerle died, to the intense grief of his son Cornelius, who cared very little for the guilders, and very much for his father.

Cornelius, then, remained alone in his large house. In vain his godfather offered to him a place in the public service; in vain did he try to give him a taste for glory. Cornelius Van Baerle, who was present in De Ruyter's flagship "The Seven Provinces," at the battle of Southwold Bay, only calculated, after the fight was over, how much time a man, who likes to shut himself up within his own thoughts, is obliged to waste in closing his eyes and stopping his ears, whilst his fellow-creatures indulge in the pleasure of shooting at each other with cannon balls. He therefore bade farewell to De Ruyter, to his godfather, and to glory, kissed the hands of the Grand Pensionary, for whom he felt a profound veneration, and retired to his house at Dort, where he possessed every element of what alone was happiness to him.

He studied plants and insects, collected and classified the flora of all the Dutch islands, arranged the whole entomology of the province, on which he wrote a treatise, with plates drawn by his own hands; and at last, being at a loss what to do with his time, and especially with his money, which went on accumulating at a most alarming rate, he took it into his head to select for himself from all the follies of his country, and of his age, one of the most elegant and expensive—he became a tulip-fancier.

It was at the time when the Dutch and the Portuguese, rivalling each other in this branch of horticulture, had begun to idolise and almost worship that flower, which originally had come from the East. Soon people from Dort to Mons began to talk of Mynheer Van Baerle's tulips; and his

beds, pits, drying-rooms, and drawers of bulbs were visited, as the galleries and libraries of Alexandria were by illustrious Roman travellers.

Van Baerle began by expending his yearly revenue in laying the ground-work of his collection, after which he broke in upon his new guilders to bring it to perfection. His exertions, indeed, were crowned with a most magnificent result; he produced three new tulips, which he called the "Jane," after his mother; the "Van Baerle," after his father; and the "Cornelius," after his godfather; the other names have escaped us, but the fanciers will be sure to find them in the catalogues of the times.

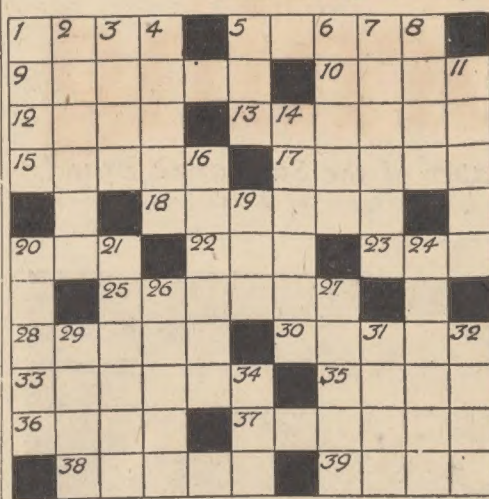
In the beginning of the year 1672, Cornelius De Witte came to Dort for three months, to live at his old family mansion; for not only was he born in that city, but his family had been resident there for centuries.

Cornelius, at that period, as William of Orange said, began to enjoy the most perfect unpopularity. To his fellow-citizens, the good burghers of Dort, however, he did not appear in the light of a criminal who deserved to be hung. It is true they did not particularly like his somewhat too austere republicanism, but they were proud of his valour; and when he made his entrance into their town the cup of honour was offered to him, readily enough, in the name of the city.

(To be continued)

## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Fruit.



5 Store.  
9 Unparalleled.  
10 Atmospheric gas.  
12 Cream-coloured.  
13 Contrive.  
15 Flowering shrub.  
17 Cherish.  
18 Walk unsteadily.  
20 Gauzy fabric.  
22 Dog.  
23 Uninteresting.  
25 Subsistence cost.  
28 Joyous song.  
30 Desert.  
33 Symbol.  
35 Protrude.  
36 Bird.  
37 Show.  
38 Begin.  
39 Swarm.

CLUES DOWN.

1 Firing. 2 Urge. 3 Maiden. 4 Dumpy. 5 Border. 6 Cancel. 7 Built. 8 Fire supports. 11 Poor. 14 Boy's name. 16 Bi-valve. 19 Proper. 20 More pleasant. 21 Fish. 24 Lower. 26 Dance. 27 Bird. 29 Boy's name. 31 Unfrequented. 32 Bole. 34 Encountered.

RIFFS PRIME  
LOATHE RAY  
TEMPO ABATE  
AXE ASSENTS  
X NETHER E  
IOTA O YARD  
V GROWLS O  
DEFLATE TAN  
ERRED ENURE  
ADO INDITE  
ROMEO SPEAK

## USELESS EUSTACE



"What d'you mean—some bomb crater? This is our ornamental fish-pond!"

## QUIZ for today

1. A fusil is an oil-can, match, flower, musket, head-dress, Buddhist priest?
2. Who wrote (a) Comedy and Tragedy, (b) The Comedy of Errors?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Kent, Norfolk, Sussex, Flint, Somerset, Devon, Essex?
4. In what game is the term "Bully" used?
5. What was the name of Captain Cook's ship?
6. Of what is sago made?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Pillworm, Pimpernel Pilchard, Pilaster, Picollo, Perimeter?
8. What cricketer did the hat-trick in both innings of a first-class match?
9. What is the capital of Esthonia?
10. Who invented Rugby football?
11. What King of England was succeeded by his sister-in-law?
12. Name three poets whose names begin with D.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 347

1. Pancake.
2. (a) D. H. Lawrence, (b) G. B. Shaw.
3. Pekingese is not a sporting dog; others are.
4. Nine.
5. Commander of the British troops in Germany during the Seven Years' War.
6. Alexandre Dumas; Alexander Pushkin.
7. Fulfil, Forearm.
8. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.
9. The Sobranje.
10. Louis-Phillipe.
11. Wallop.
12. Zebra, Zebu, Zerdä, Zibet.



## JANE

"Just look at Ted, rubbing the bloom off that girl's cheek, and young Arthur and the tucked skirt, like a picture of 'Re-united.' Don't hold it too long, Sailor, there's a big queue waiting!"



## WANGLING WORDS—294

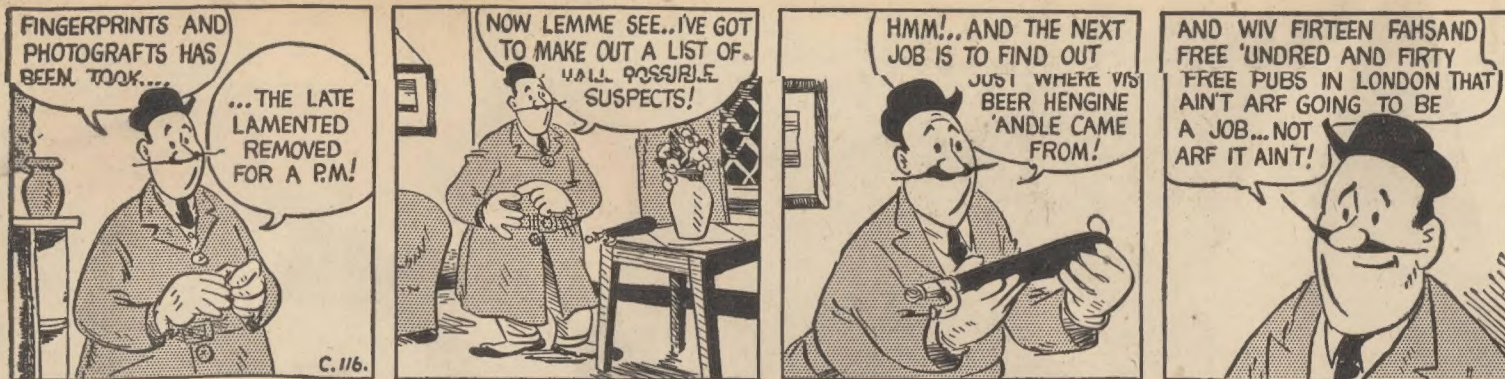
1. Put a jug in BRY and make a drink factory.
2. In the following proverb, both the letters and the words have been shuffled. What is it? Rife a sedard het dlich trunb.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change SAGE into HERB and then back again into SAGE, without using the same word twice.
4. What country is hidden in the following sentence? Now that there is no danger many sight-seers are flocking around. (The required letters will be found together and in the right order.)

## Answer to Wangling Words—No. 293

1. Paper.
2. Cleanliness is next to godliness.
3. BEE, bed, fed, fad, fay, FLY, sly, say, bay, bey, BEE.
4. Nor-way . . . Spa-in.



## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



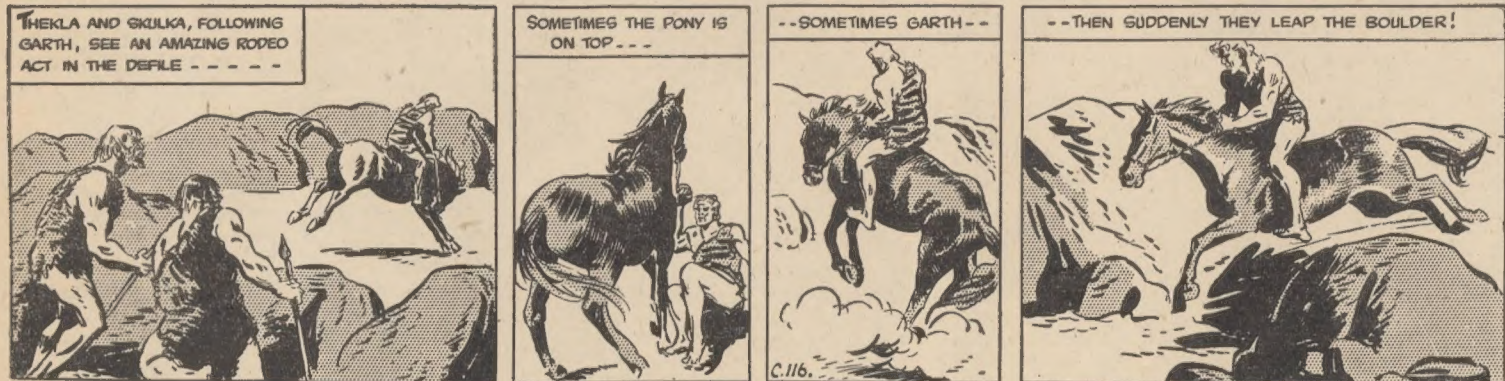
## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Just Fancy—

By Odo Drew

MEETING my old friend Chief-Inspector Ham the other day, I found him full of grouses about the writers of popular detective fiction. "They hold up the Yard to ridicule," he complained. "Those amateurs of theirs we are supposed to call in whenever we fail to solve a mystery which, according to them, is practically always"—he gulped with indignation.

"And now," he went on, "the B.B.C. is joining in, with a Doctor Morelle and a Michael Starr, investigator."

"I shouldn't worry," I said, soothingly. "Hell," he replied. "In the whole of my thirty years at the Yard, only once have I had any help from an amateur. You may recall the murder of Lord Harroweton, the then Foreign Secretary, a few years ago? Well, as the Foreign Office is only just round the corner from us, I was on the spot long before the body was cold. There the noble lord lay, stabbed to the heart, with a stiletto lying by the body. There was little blood round the wound—it looked as if it had been wiped off."

"Searching nearby rooms," he went on, "I found a man who turned out to be Harroweton's second private secretary, washing blood from his hands. He said his nose had been bleeding, but, of course, I arrested him right away."

"It seemed a snip," he continued, "but—I told the first secretary, a bloke called FitzVere de St. George. 'What was the colour of the blood?' he asked. 'Why, red, of course,' I replied. 'Well, then,' he snapped, 'you can release that man. He didn't do it.' And why not, indeed?" I demanded, somewhat sarcastically.

"Don't you know," was the reply, "that the late lamented peer was descended from a family that came over with the Normans? Therefore, HIS blood must have been blue?" "That was so, of course," concluded Ham, "and it did save me from a real bloomer. But it is the only time any outsider has helped me."

## MY UNCLE, THE VICAR.

WRITING in the parish magazine of All Soles, Winklesea, the vicar, the Rev. Cuthbert Drew (who is my maternal uncle) has some remarks to make on popular songs.

"I was greatly enheartened," he writes, "to perceive some while ago that the lay authorities had steeled themselves to take strong action against the dissemination of anti-social ideas, conveyed in the guise of popular songs."

"You may remember, dear friends, the case in which a well-known ballad-singer was fined heavily for singing 'Keep the home fires burning till the boys come home,' thereby encouraging the waste of fuel over an indefinite period. Also that pathetic case in which a miner's child was bound over—rightly, I believe—for admonishing her father, 'Don't go down the mine, daddy.'"

"Popular songs may be plausible, but they may be pernicious; and whilst I am prepared to admit that these people erred rather through thoughtlessness than wilfulness, or, indeed, evil intent, does it not behove us all to keep the closest watch on our tongues and voices?"

"Only the other evening, intending to switch on the wireless to listen to either the radio rector or the broadcasting bishop (I forget which), I came by mistake across a programme for the Forces, beginning with what was announced as a popular song, of which the opening words were, 'We don't know where we're going till we're there.'"

"Alas! I thought, how indubitably wrong this is. Surely we know where we are going; surely we hold with conviction the faith that we are marching breast forward on the road to victory. Let us beware lest we implant a seed of doubt in the mind of a weaker brother, or, indeed, sister."

"After all, what is wrong with some of the older songs? Such as 'Tom Bowling,' 'Nirvana,' 'Come into the garden, Maud,' or 'The Blind Ploughman'?"

"This craze for the topical is, unhappily, a sign of the times. But the topical is only too often the trivial. Let us not pander to what is merely popular. Let our songs be serious, our deliberations be dignified, our preaching pulsating with passionate precepts. Let us scorn to play to the gallery."

"I have only space left to mention briefly that I shall be preaching on Sunday morning on 'Rationing in righteousness,' and in the evening on 'Lease and lend—a spiritual balance-sheet.'"

## CORRESPONDENCE.

IN answer to "Bachelor," who writes to say that he finds housekeeping very difficult, I would just say that he will become more proficient as he gains experience. In the meantime, he must not forget that there are many points to be watched.

She was the mother of eight children, and when presented to the important personage visiting a munitions factory, proudly proclaimed the fact.

"Are they all living?" inquired the personage graciously.

"Well, ma'am," was the reply, "seven of them are, but the other one is in the Civil Service."



**Good Morning**

"Well, any normal dog would think it was his Grandmother!"



"Seldom has a man suffered! Knowing she uses Amami at least once a week, who does not admire THAT beautiful golden hair?"



*This England*



"They've got a shambles in Yorks, a shambles in Worcs., but we guess you Yorkshiremen will realise the beauty of this peaceful and decent street."



"Scots wha hae! At least, we think you're both Scots, judging by your expression!"



"Dear, dear! and to think I left my corkscrew and mackintosh behind!"

**OUR CAT SIGNS OFF**



"Please let me in on this."